

# Good Morning

S21

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## FOUR NOTES FROM HOME

### 1.—For E.R.A. Frank Jordan

YOU will be surprised to hear that your mother has started war work. She works "mornings" in a Government office, and she had just returned when I called on her in Fernhill Heath. Dave was at school and Nell was at work. They are all well and your sister is doing plenty of dancing nowadays.

Nell is looking forward to a holiday in Newcastle. I am telling you lots about her, as Mum said she is your favourite. They have a lovely new gramophone at home, and there will be plenty of good records for you to hear when next on leave. Your mother is always playing some of your old favourites. This is when the others are out; they can't stand it!

Miss Sinclair still writes from Scotland, also Mrs. Holmes enquires about you.

You should be receiving some birthday cards and letters very soon. They have been sent for your birthday last month. Young Dave breaks up from school next week. He is in the O.T.C., and wants to be a soldier when he grows up.

By the way, Cadburys have sent you 8 War Savings Certificates.

Now I'm going to make you blush. Your mother showed me photographs of when you were a toddler of two, then a schoolboy, and some recent pictures. She has them spread over all the walls and mantelpieces. She cherishes your letters more than anything. I'm so glad you write to her regularly. Apparently some of her mail to you gets lost, but she still keeps on posting it. "How can I get such and such a book? Can you get me any books on motoring?" she kept asking me. A battleship could not carry all the things she wants to send you. She was delighted to hear you would be getting some messages from home.

They all send you their best love, including dad. Mum had so much to say about you that I almost forgot your dad. He is keeping well and still travelling round the country on his job. "Dad never makes a fuss about Frank," said your mum. "But he is mighty proud of him."

### 3.—For A.B. B. A. Chelton

WHILE you and your brother are serving in the Navy, your young wife, Muriel, is doing hush-hush war-work in Barrow-in-Furness.

Your brother is doing a tour of duty as gunlayer in a merchant ship running in convoys with war material. Your cousin, Able-Seaman Jack Skeels, is a torpedo hand in a submarine, and a fourth navy man will soon join the family when he marries your sister-in-law, Agnes.

"The work Mrs. Chelton is doing is very delicate," a reporter was told. "It used to be done exclusively by men. Girls do it very well. They quite rightly feel they are doing something important, and are keenly interested in the job."

Muriel says the boys in the Navy are worth working for. And worth waiting for, too!

## How 'A LITTLE OLD LADY' celebrated BANK HOLIDAY

MOST days are the same for Mrs. Stone (picture below). But these few have been different. It was holiday week, and Mrs. Stone showed off her new bonnet at the local fair.

On Monday a neighbour called at her cottage and asked: "Would you like me to wheel



you along to the fair in my mother's bath chair?" "Fair?" said Mrs. Stone. "What fair?" She was told about the week of celebrations, and she said, "That's good. I'll get dressed up and go along. If you want to use the bath chair, you'll have to sit in it yourself. I'm too young for that sort of thing."

She went to the fair and she went on the roundabouts; she rolled pennies down the slots, and she tried her luck on the hoops. She wanted to go in the swings, but the attendant told her she was too old. "H'm! You're not so young yourself," she replied.

### ALL THE FUN.

During the week Mrs. Stone has looked in at the local fairs most days. The baby shows, the beauty competitions and sports meetings have all interested her. The biggest moment came when the fortune teller said she would live to be a ripe old age and have several children. To this, she retorted, "I'm too old now and I've had all the children I'm going to have. My husband's dead, anyway."

The week drew to a close and Mrs. Stone was tired by Saturday evening. When she walked into the "Swan" a man re-

spectfully climbed off the stool in the corner that is always used by the old lady and she looked closely at him, saying: "Huh, so you knew it was my seat you were using?"

The landlord gave her a tiny whisky and she began to talk. "Been a good week," she mused. "If the war would end we'd have a bigger fair than that. I remember the other wars."

An hour passed and Mrs. Stone became refreshed. She remembered that George Greenwell, who took some photographs of her some months ago, had promised to go back one day to play dominoes. "Does he think I'll beat him again?" she asked me.

As the locals came in she spoke to them; of one man she asked: "Where's your woman to-night. Have you left her home?" The man bought a pint and smiled. Mrs. Stone asked him that every Saturday. It began years ago when he asked her where her husband was.

When I left the inn Mrs. Stone called after me: "I'll be 95 next week—you'd better come to the party."

"I don't know what the young women are coming to, nowadays!"

### 2.—For Stoker Alfred Megson

ALTHOUGH millionaires don't build their mansions down Chorlton way, the people who live there have hearts of gold. Take the Megson family, for instance. They live in Everton-road, and there is quite a handful of them.

Apart from you, Stoker Megson, and your brother in the Fleet Air Arm, there is a married daughter and one or two younger children. Your father, Alfred Megson, ex-naval warrior, has a tidy record of service for his country. Mr. Megson served in the Royal Navy for 12 years, including periods in both wars; and he had 10 years with the Merchant Navy in the between-war years.

After a tough spell with the Royal Navy in this war, Mr. Megson was invalided out owing to ill-health, and has only just started working again—but all the time he's managed to put a bit by for a special purpose—so that one Stoker Alfred Megson you may have heard of, can have a real good

21st birthday party when he comes home on leave!

Even your young brothers and sisters have contributed from their odd spending pennies; and Mrs. Megson, who works part-time as a cook-general, has been able to put a little by for her "young man."

"Alfred's birthday falls on December 1st," Mrs. Megson told "Good Morning," "and we shall do our very best to give him a party if he is lucky enough to get leave. Even if he isn't, we shall save the money and have the party when he arrives. It will be better late than never."

While Mrs. Megson has been at her daily domestic duties, Mr. Megson has helped out with the housework. One of his chores has been the preparation of dinner for the household. "I'm a pretty handy man, and can do almost owt," he told "Good Morning." "But then," he added as an afterthought, "you don't find many sailors who aren't useful lads."

### 4.—A bit of "OLD ENGLAND" for O.S. Edmund Manning



HELL recognise this picture of two friends of his, Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, bringing home the last sweet-scented load of hay and passing within the shadow of "Old England"—that old-fashioned inn which lies facing the fields and the stacks of hay.

With such a name that, the inn, with its age-old, half-timbered appearance, is the very embodiment of the rustic English lane over which it stands guard so silently and so serenely.

But the place means far more than that to Ordinary Seaman KENNETH EDMUND MANNING, of Blackpool.

To him it is home, and the old inn is where he used to

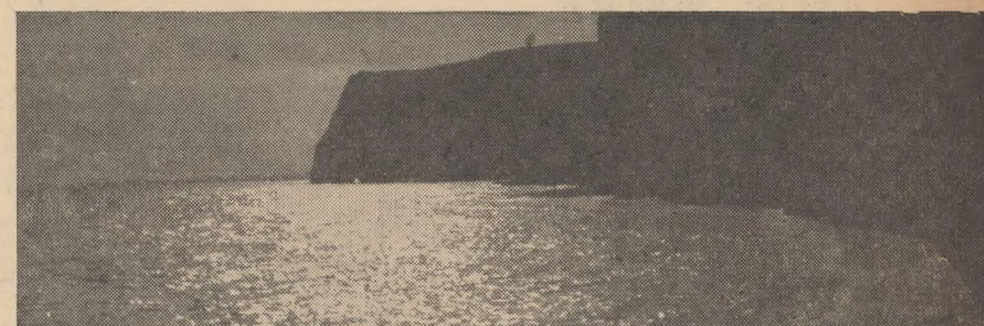
quaff a foaming pint before he donned navy blue 11 months ago.

It is the place, too, where he "pops in for one" with MARINE ALBERT BUTTERWORTH, also of Blackpool—his friend since schooldays, who joined the Marines when Ken joined the Navy.

Ken has been Albert's chum so long that he calls Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth "Second Mum and Dad."

Mrs. Butterworth is helping to "make the hay" these days—in that tiny spot of "Old England" set strangely and half-forgotten in Bispham, and right next door to Blackpool, the busy seaside playground of the North.

## Beneath The Surface



He that walketh in the clouds, walketh alone, knowledge is always melancholy.

—Anon.

With AL MALE

HOW many people walk in the clouds? How many positively refuse to face facts, but live in an ideal realm in which everything is sublime . . . for them. Because, only by the complete exclusion of thought of (and for) others, can you walk in the clouds, for the very simple reason that the clouds are of your own creating and are never strong enough to bear the weight of others besides yourself.

There is a deal of difference between walking in the clouds, and walking above them, even though the latter is too ethereal to be lasting. Can you possibly take even one companion with you in your walk above the clouds, for long?

Moments of ecstasy, we all know . . . moments we call Heavenly . . . above the clouds and very much above the ordinary things of Earth . . . but there always comes the time of "getting back to earth."

How many thousands of times have you heard someone say . . . and said yourself . . . "I came down to earth with a bang" . . . of course. Until someone discovers a "mental sky-hook," the possibility of walking in the clouds . . . even alone . . . is very remote.

As for knowledge being melancholy . . . the more knowledge you gain, the greater the thirst for still more, and as you get deeper and deeper in your search for "origins," so you become more and more apart from your fellow men . . . and what is more, when you leave off admiring the beauty of this world, and decide to embark on a voyage of discovery of the source of it all, you are like a self-propelling rocket hurling itself into the unknown, main-

taining a direct course according to the mind force behind it, only to find that the propelling power exhausts itself in the limitless boundaries of space.

And you are frustrated . . . after all the years of research, you know very little more than a child, because you have not found the answer . . . you are much less happy than the child who never bothered even about the problem.

In the case of Christ . . . His knowledge was complete.

His melancholy was not because of that, but because He knew only too well that the people to whom He had preached, failed to grasp His message.

Even on the Cross, His last words were, "Father forgive them, for THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO."

So in lesser degree is the sadness and frustration present in the mind of our thinkers, who can observe the direction of tendencies and still cry alone in the wilderness, their words are unheeded. Moses, Aaron, Confucius, Buddha! It is the fate of those who prophesy that they shall walk alone!

To bring it nearer, and into modern everyday life.

How often does a parent warn a child of consequences which the parent knows are inevitable, yet the warning is ignored?

How often does one hear a parent defend a child in the Police Court and say, "He was led astray . . . be lenient. Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

But forgiveness doesn't wipe out the past. Nor repentance, either!

All boils down to the fact that one should find the medium . . . the HAPPY medium. For one can never find happiness in extremes.

Lay off too much cloud-walking, and cut out your research into the unknown as soon as it becomes mystifying . . . the finite can never understand the infinite, and that ends the argument.

You don't have to lay an egg before you can enjoy an omelette. You don't have to see the identification card of the Creator before you can appreciate the beauties of His creation.

And they are boundless, unlimited. Many more than you or I are ever likely to know of . . . let alone appreciate . . . even if we live to be as old as Methuselah.

So why worry? You remember the story of the chappie who was worried about his heart, and consulted a heart specialist?

Putting his hand on the patient's shoulder, the specialist said, "Don't worry old man. Your heart will last as long as YOU do." And the patient went away with a new lease of life!

Do you like the "Ruthless Rhymes" of Harry Graham?

Billy, in one of his nice new sashes,

Fell in the fire and was burnt to ashes.

Now, although the room grows chilly,

I haven't the heart to poke poor Billy.

O'er the rugged mountain's brow

Clara threw the twins she'd nursed,

And remarked, "I wonder now

Which will reach the bottom first?"

There are many ways of looking at life, aren't there?

Try the HAPPY medium . . . it's the only satisfactory way. Cheerio, and Good Hunting.



# SUNDAY FARE



## WHAT IS IT?

Here's this week's picture puzzle. Last week's was a close-up of a pair of scissors.

## Education made far too easy

**BARE POLES.**—Foreigners, of course, used to form a certainly not negligible proportion of seamen in British ships. On certain occasions it seems that Poles used to run round naked. These "bare Poles" were usually seen only in bad weather; and when this improved, apparently, clothing was resumed. Another of the strange customs of the sea.

**PIPES.**—There is no shortage of pipes in the Navy. There are bags of them; but, as it happens, no bag-pipes.

**STAFF LESSON.**—To-day's staff lesson deals with the question of surprise. The value of this in warfare has become increasingly recognised. Clausewitz said, you will remember, "Schocken, immer schocken." Marshal Foch was always telling officers: "La surprise, toujours la surprise." Mussolini, even, was never tired of insisting, "Choppa in bacco." And our own Admiral Reilly-Orful-Reilly had the same idea when he observed: "You never can always sometimes tell what's least expected most."

Surprise should, of course, be dynamic. An example may be given by a very simple illustration that even a senior officer may understand. You know the meeting between the two well-known comedians, when one says to the other, "After

you, Claude," and receives the answer, "No, after you, Cecil." Here Claude is obviously manoeuvring for position; and his attitude certainly does surprise Cecil.

But, in order to be thoroughly effective, Claude should plant a well-directed kick on Cecil's rear, at the moment after he has invited his colleague to go first. There must be no hesitation; and the blow must be hard.

### POTTY BIOGRAPHIES.

**BURNS.**—It is not generally known that Burns, subsequent to relinquishing the heavy-weight championship of the world, and prior to becoming the first working-man Cabinet Minister, served for a while as supercargo in the mail service between Greenock and Gourock. It was during that period that he wrote much of his verse.

These ships were not always commanded by teetotal skippers, and recent research tends to prove that this fact was largely responsible for the almost unintelligible Scots of most of the verse.

Few Scotsmen ever read it; though it still forms a generally accepted excuse for, to an Englishman, unseemly exhibitions of orgiastic nationalism. For a time Burns and Purcell were very friendly, from which association arose the still popular song, "Mickle gar nae greet one says to the other, "After

## —AND SUNDAY SINS

By C. N. DORAN

THE question of how Sunday should be spent has cropped up again over the matter of opening theatres and cinemas.

Recently, a Northern divine gave it as his opinion that Service men home on leave would benefit more by a walk in the country than by any "amusement"; yet at one time even a walk in the country was a sin.

It was also a sin on Sunday, to go back to the later Middle Ages, to sleep in church, to eat a heavy dinner, to kiss your wife, or to take part in any sport. The punishment was the stocks, the pillory, or prison.

Why, Frederick II, Emperor of the Roman Empire, was accused by the Church of the terrible sin of spending part of Sunday in his bath.

But that was at the time when, according to the historian, all Europe "forgot to bath for a thousand years."

### "BAD" QUEEN BESS.

Even Queen Elizabeth broke the law when she indulged in the sin of watching a play and dancing at Kenilworth in 1575.

The play was put on to welcome her by "certain good harted men of Coventree"; and nobody was brave enough to accuse the Queen of her impiety.

In an old parish register it is chronicled that a man named John Aspland, of Witcham, in the parish of Ely, was found sleeping in church and had to make the public confession:—

"Good neighbours I acknowledge and confess that I have offended almighty god and by my evil example you all, for that I have been to sleepe in the church for which I am most hartely sorry and I ask God and you all most hartely forgiveness."

Sir William Waller, a Parliamentarian general in the Civil War, wrote out what he considered to be the duty of everyone (himself included) on Sunday. His plan was to "engage in two public services, four meetings for family devotions, four private prayers," and, before he slept, he laid it down that he must "joyne in prayer with my wife."

Moreover, people were warned not to make the sermon a matter of discussion "in a frivolous manner."

The same knight ruled that no man was to eat a hearty dinner on Sunday because of "the vapours of a full stomach which would make him drowsy, which must not bee."

### THE "GOOD" PURITANS.

In 1656 the Puritans passed many laws in New England for Sabbath observance. One of these was:—

"Whosoever shall profane the Lord's Day, or any part of it, by work or sport, shall be punished by the court or corporally. But if by fine or clear evidence find that the sin was committed proudly or presumptuously... such person therein dispiriting and reproaching the Lord shall be put to death."

Another law was: "If any man shall kiss his wife or wife kiss her husband on the Lord's Day, the party in fault shall be punished at the Discretion of the Court of Magistrates."

In the days of John Wesley, a preacher named Mr. Grimshaw tried to prevent people from taking a country walk on Sundays, even between church services. He "bore testimony against this from his pulpit, and recommended others to detect and reprove delinquents."

What those old Sabbath worshippers would think of today's hiking is too awful to contemplate; but it shows that we have progressed somewhat since then, even if some still boggle over the matter of cinemas and theatres.

Somebody's —  
Mother's been  
using Persil

But somebody  
else's  
hasn't!



## In a few Sunday Articles, 4 Germans will tell you what they thought of—ENGLAND 150 YEARS AGO

WHAT was England like 150 years ago? What were the customs, manners, likes and dislikes of our ancestors five generations back? And what did representative Germans think of English institutions then?

During the last thirty years of the eighteenth century, four Germans came to Britain to find out what our forefathers (and mothers) were like.

They were: Carl Philipp Moritz, a schoolmaster, who, escaping from the drudgery of the Graue Kloster, in Berlin, shoved a change of linen into his pockets and started out; Dr. G. F. A. Wendeborn, who was for many years pastor of a German congregation in Ludgate Hill, London; Johann Wilhelm von Archenholz, a soldier and man of many adventures; and G. Christoph Lichtenberg, professor at Gottingen.

### WHY THEY CAME.

They came here for much the same reason as led Englishmen abroad in those days. English noblemen made the "grand tour" of Europe as part of their education.

It was in this atmosphere of curiosity that these Germans came to study the contrast between English life and that of the numerous petty states in Germany. Also, the alliance with Prussia under Frederick the Great had brought Britons and Germans into close contact. British regiments had fought side by side with Germans. The age of travel was just opening.

Schoolmaster Moritz chose his own way of seeing England. He was probably one of the first hikers ever seen on our country lanes. He did not often travel by coach or on horseback. He came as a comparatively, but very observant, poor man, and for at least a year (1782) he moved along from town to town; and then went home to write a book about it.

He had a great sympathy with the English character, although his translator into German made several slips. For instance, he mentions that snow on the hills above Chatsworth is "eternal."

The method of British political elections interested him so much that he took careful notes

of a scene in Westminster when the candidate (Sir Cecil Wray) made a speech from the hustings.

"When Fox, who was amongst the voters, arrived at the beginning of the election, he, too, was received with an universal shout of joy. At length, when it was nearly over, the people took it into their heads to hear him speak, and everyone called out 'Fox! Fox!' I know not why; but I seemed to catch some of the spirit of the place and time; and so I also bawled 'Fox! Fox!' and he was obliged to come forward and speak.

### SPIRIT OF LIBERTY.

"When the whole was over, the rampant spirit of liberty, and the wild impatience of a genuine English mob, were exhibited to perfection. In a very few minutes the whole scaffolding, benches and chairs, and everything else, was completely destroyed, and the mat with which it was covered torn into ten thousand long strips or strings, with which they encircled or enclosed multitudes of people of all ranks.

"These they hurried along with them and everything else that came in their way, as trophies of joy; and thus, in the midst of exultation and triumph, they paraded through many of the most populous streets of London."

Moritz had a good eye for a scene and was a good mixer. He rode (one of his rare occasions) from London to Northampton by way of Newton Pagnell, and just missed meeting with Cowper, the poet.

### GERMAN No. 2.

Quite a different kind of traveller was Dr. Wendeborn, who started out from his chambers in New Inn by coach for Bath, Bristol, Southampton, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, and Brighton. He wrote letters to friends in Germany from all these places, describing England.

He could not understand the English habits of hunting and sport generally.

"The English," he wrote, have no idea of the power and interests of the European

States, and echo the Parliamentary debates and talk with a serious air of the danger threatening the Balance of Power."

At Portsmouth he saw a great gathering of people collected to see the Fleet ready to be sent to Russia and lying in battle order; but the expedition was abandoned.

Wendeborn tells that the ways of travel in those days were by private carriage, post-chaise, mail coach and wagon. The coach was cheaper and more sociable; but Englishmen mostly preferred the post-chaise.

### SLEEPING OR SCOWLING.

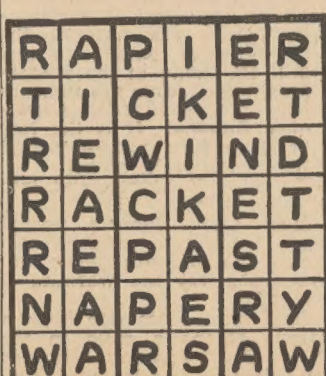
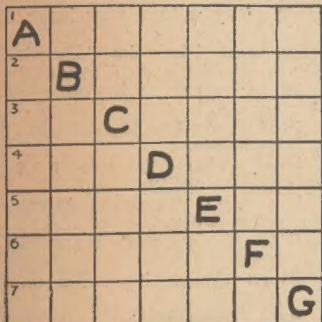
"Just as in travel abroad, the English avoid table d'hôte and prefer to pay extra and dine alone in their room half as well as they would dine in company; just as in a coffee-house they choose an empty table and sit, read and eat at it; so they prefer to drive alone, and you will see many a man on the high roads, alone or with one companion, driving quickly past, yawning or sleeping or scowling as he goes, while the travellers by coach or mail shew a cheerful face and good humour."

All this annoyed the good Doctor. He complained, too, on his journey to Salisbury, that he had to start at 6 a.m. without breakfast "because English maids and waiters are too fond of their morning sleep to leave their beds early to serve travellers." And after his tour he concluded that Englishmen had little faculty of making themselves agreeable, and the women talked more scandal than women in other countries.

So he passed on to Bath, where further revelations awaited him.

Send your—  
Stories, Jokes  
and ideas  
to the Editor

## PUZZLE CORNER



Can you complete these words according to the clues?

1, To gain something. 2, Dark. 3, Horse riders. 4, A wonder. 5, Crop-gathering time. 6, County law officer. 7, Land cultivation. Solution in

next Sunday's issue. And here's the answer to last week's "Dickens" puzzle.



# BUCK RYAN

GIVE ME THAT PHONE! WHAT'S THE NAME OF THE MANAGER OF THE CINEMA NAPOLEON?

TOMASI

VERDAMMT, HE'S HUNG UP! ALLO-OPERATOR! GIVE ME AJACCIO 432... ALLO, SCHUTZSTAFFEL HEADQUARTERS? DER OBERFÜHRER SPEAKING, SEND ALL THE MEN YOU CAN MUSTER TO THE CINEMA NAPOLEON. JA, SURROUND IT

CINEMA NAPOLEON-SCHNELL

WHAT'S UP, KARL?

THEY SAY THAT TWO MEN ARE WORKING A PROPAGANDA STUNT THERE-DRESSED IN SS. UNIFORMS

COME ON, BUCK-LET'S GET OUT OF THIS CINEMA

O.K., VICO! WE'RE DOING WELL. WE'LL PLAY THIS PROPAGANDA DISC UNTIL IT'S WORN OUT

121

Ryan and Vico leave the projection room of the cinema to make their escape via an emergency exit-but-as Ryan swings open the door-

STICK 'EM UP!

HERE THEY ARE BOYS!

122

HERE'S ANOTHER, VICO!

VENGEANCE FOR TORRES AND FRANCOIS-WITH BOTH HANDS, BUCK

THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY TOO, VICO! GOSH- THEY MUST'VE SURROUNDED THE BUILDING

THE SHOOTING'S STOPPED, BUCK

LOOKOUT-A GRENADE! UP THE STAIRS, VICO

HAS IT GOT YOU, BUCK?

CRACK

NO, I JUST SLIPPED- LUCKILY

While the shooting has been going on at the side exit, two Gestapo men entered the cinema, burst open the projection room door and, as Vico and Ryan retrace their steps -

ALZO

123

Instead of stepping backwards, Vico parries the door and with true courage, faces the two Gestapo men alone. This he does to shield Buck Ryan

VICO!

124

THEY'VE (COUGH) GOT ME, BUCK... LEAVE ME...

DON'T LET THEM GET YOU... AU VOIR

SURIN AU VOIR, PAL. GOD BLESS YOU

VORSICHTIG UM DIE ECKE!

Vico's body suddenly relaxes. Ryan chokes down his emotion for now he hears German voices, jack-boots on the stairway, coming nearer...

I'LL GIVE THE DOGS A RUN BEFORE THEY GET ME!

SORTIE

SLAM

THE ROOF WILL AFFORD ME A FIGHTING CHANCE. I'VE GOT THREE AUTOMATICS NOW-SO I MIGHT JUST HOLD OUT UNTIL DARK

WE'VE KILLED ONE OF THEM, HERR OBERFÜHRER! THE OTHER IS CLIMBING UP TO THE ROOF. SIX OF OUR MEN ARE DEAD

SIX! HERR GOTT! PHONE UP THE QUESTURA. LET THOSE BLASTED ITALIANS TAKE A HAND IN THIS! WHY SHOULD WE TAKE ALL THE PUNISHMENT?

125

LOOK, HERR OBERFÜHRER- HERE'S THE HAT WORN BY THE MAN ON THE ROOF. IT BEARS THE NAME OF J. HOFFMANN

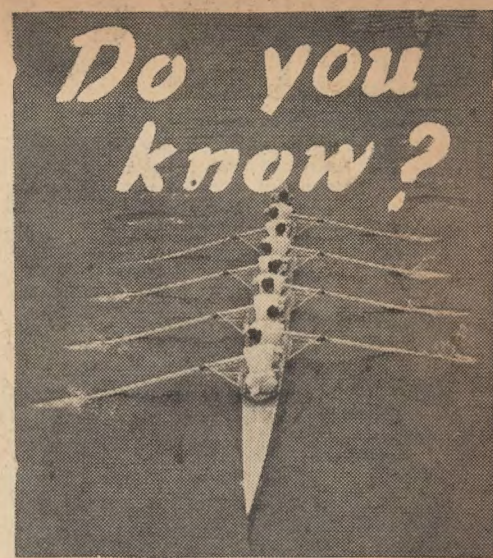
HOFFMANN! AH-NOW I BEGIN TO SEE DAYLIGHT!

AH, JA, JA, I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM A MAN WHO SAID HE WAS HOFFMANN. I KNEW IT WASN'T. OBVIOUSLY THEN HOFFMANN AND EILERS HAVE BEEN OVERPOWERED AND STRIPPED OF THEIR UNIFORMS. VERFLUCHT-IT MUST BE RYAN!

126

NO THERE, RYAN! YOU HAF NO ESCAPE. YOU VILL SURRENDER NOW, JA? YOU ARE SURROUNDED

COME AND GET ME!



By W. H. MILLIER

THAT the annual race for Doggett's Coat and Badge is for professionals only? It is restricted to watermen who have completed their apprenticeship.

THAT the race is rowed from London Bridge to Chelsea?

THAT the races will be resumed as soon as convenient after the war?

THAT the 1915 to 1919 events were all rowed in 1920?

THAT the race was instituted in 1715 by Thomas Doggett, a famous comedian?

THAT at that period there were no cabs on London streets and most of the local travelling was by way of the Thames?

THAT the longest fight with bare knuckles was between James Kelly and Jonathan Smith at Melbourne in 1855, lasting 6 hrs. 15 mins.?

THAT the longest knuckle fight in England was between Mike Madden and Bill Hayes at Eckenbridge, 1849? This lasted 6 hrs. 3 mins.

THAT America's longest knuckle fight lasted 4 hrs. 20 mins., when J. Fitzpatrick and J. O'Neil met at Berwick, Maine, in 1860?

THAT the shortest glove fight on record was when Battling Nelson knocked out William Rossler in 2 secs. at Harvey, Illinois, 1902?

THAT in 1888-9 Preston North End won the League Championship without losing a match, and in the same season won the F.A. Cup without having a goal scored against them?

THAT Bury won the Cup in the season of 1902-3 without having a goal scored against them?

THAT the record score in the F.A. Cup is held by Preston North End? On October 15, 1887, they beat Hyde at Preston by 26 goals to 0.

THAT the greatest distance walked without a rest is 127 miles 542 yards, by T. Payne, September 18, 1909?

THAT in 1878 W. Howes walked 127 miles 1,210 yards in 24 hours?

THAT this record stood for 30 years, until it was beaten by T. E. Hammond, who covered 131 miles 580 yards in 24 hours in 1908?

THAT George Littlewood walked 581 miles 135 yards in six days in 1889?

THAT the year 1889 saw many notable feats of endurance? In this year the longest known tug-of-war took place in Jubulpore, India. It was between two companies of the Derbyshire Regiment, E. and H. The tug ended in a win for H. Company, and lasted 2 hrs. 41 mins. In India, too. Whew!

THAT on April 14, 1889, R. Percival, at Durham Sands Racecourse, threw a cricket ball 140 yds. 2 ft.?

THAT Captain Webb, the first man to swim the English Channel, was not a robust athlete? He confided to an old friend that he knew his days were numbered just before he left for America for his fatal attempt to cross Niagara Falls. He must have had a great heart.

THAT the record for remaining under water without any extraneous aids is held by a Frenchman, M. Pouliquen, who stayed 6 mins. 29 4-5th secs., at Paris on November 3, 1912?



CAPTAIN WEBB



**Good Morning**

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

# OUR CRAZY BAND

Our village band used to play every Friday evening on the village green outside the pub, until Joe Wallop, the landlord, complained it lowered the gravity of his beer. Now they play in the meadow down by the church. "Which can't do nobody any 'arm—'cept the cows, per'aps," said Joe. They got some fine old instruments—well, old, anyway. And Ted Tremblewit, the conductor, reckons it's time the B.B.C. broadcast one of their concerts. As Old Tom, our oldest inhabitant, says, "It'd take everyone's minds off the 'orrors of war."



**1** Before he became conductor, Bill Bumblefist was Town Crier. He got the job because he's the only man who can make his voice heard when the band's playing. "Bell and Bawl Bill" we call him.



**2** Bob, the village fireman, never knows what's going to come out of this when he blows it. Once it was a nest of mice.



**3** Mrs. Gladly, the vicar's wife, is one of the best Serpent players in the county. She uses it as a vacuum cleaner when she's not playing in the band.



**4** It were a funny time when Fred Winklebutton couldn't get the end back after blowing a high note, and Farmer Cumberbeet ran all the way home thinking it was his pig about to farrow.



**5** The same thing happened, once, with Ernie. The gnats he collected on the way when we took him home!



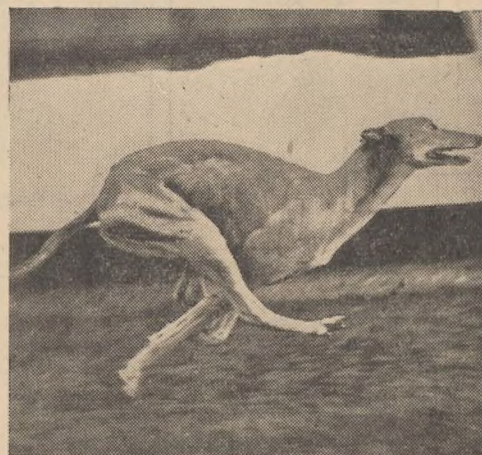
**6** Ned Softly always plays in his top hat and bath chair. He says it gives him confidence, but it don't give it to anyone else.



**7** (Left). Ever since Tim, the village shoemaker, went to Italy, in the last war, he dresses like this for band playing. He's the show piece of the band. He uses his hat as a mute at the end of the trumpet.



**8** (Right). Grandad's double bass gives him a lot of trouble. He says he's getting too old to climb.



**9** The village whippet's got a habit of leaving quickly for a date he's just remembered, when the band strikes up. Bill Bumblefist says it's disrespectful, but Joe Wallop says the dog's name ought to be "Commonsense."

**SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF**

"So you can't take it huh?"

